

Vol. VI.

Calumet, Houghton County, Michigan, Saturday, July 11, 1896.

No 203

ASLEEP MANY DAYS.

PRETTY LENA HANSEN VICTIM
OF EVIL EYE.The Case Has baffled the Most Skilled
Medical Men of the Pacific Slope—
The Victim is Now in a Hospital in
Portland, Ore.

LENA HANSEN, a pretty Danish maiden, has been sleeping for forty days at Portland, Ore., under a peculiar spell. It is not a sound sleep, nor a healthy slumber; neither is it a recuperative sleep induced by physical exhaustion.

It is a trance-like condition that baffles the learning and skill of medical science. Lena is now in a Portland hospital. The story in connection with her mysterious sleep is strange and quite romantic.

Stalwart Mr. Chris Jensen loved the little Danish girl, not altogether because she was of the same fatherland, although that circumstance first brought them acquainted, but in a large measure because he could not help it. Lena loved Chris for very much the same reason. But even in the sylvan quietude of eastern Oregon the course of true love does not run smooth. Lena Hansen had never bestowed a thought on Mr. Lars Johnson, further than to resent his too forward attentions. There was no tendency to coquetry in the disposition of Lena Hansen. On the contrary she had steadily and persistently repulsed every hint of love from all men except Mr. Chris Jensen—on him alone she set her heart and for him alone she vowed her love and sealed it with a kiss.

It may be that unconsciously Lena was prompted to her antipathy for Mr. Lars Johnson by the uncanny stories bruited in the community concerning a strange faculty possessed by the young Swede. It was said that he could charm animals by the concentrated power of his violet eyes. To be sure dreamy-eyed Lars had never to her knowledge attempted this occult fascination upon her susceptibility, but that was no evidence of immunity. It came to the same thing, so far as Lena was concerned—though Lars was the first to woo, Chris was the accepted one at the last.

The rivalry between the two men for the affections of the girl was never openly violent; indeed, Chris, confident of possession under seal of a solemn troth plight, never regarded Lars in the attitude of a rival at all; while Lars, gloomier than his wont, perhaps, toward his friends, made no demonstration indicative of the disappointment that brooded in his heart. Even the gossip of the Dalles do not allege absolute sinister purpose on the part of Lars, but they do aver that in spite of his efforts to prevent it his gift from the foul fiend wreaked its evil purpose upon Lena Hansen, and was the sole cause of her undoing.

One day early last March Lena came home from a long walk with Chris, complaining that she was very tired. The family with whom she lived were Americans of New England, and kindly to the degree that they regarded the pretty Danish girl who had come to them as a friendless orphan. In the relation of an adopted daughter. So when Lena told Mrs. Watson that she was not feeling well that motherly



LENA HANSEN.

soul instantly insisted on "a cup of hot tea" and immediate retirement to a warm bed. The next morning Lena arose apparently in her usual robust health.

Chris came to see her on this day, and so did Lars. Neither of them stayed long, and when Lars left late in the afternoon Lena again complained of being tired, although on that day she had exerted herself much less than usual. She went to bed early and slept late the next morning. In the afternoon she strolled with Chris and returned in excellent spirits, but very weary. By this time Mrs. Watson's mother instinct was aroused, and she made close inquiry as to all the symptoms experienced by her foster child. From what she learned and acting on what she suspected she resolved to summon a physician. At noon the following day Lena was sleeping soundly and Mrs. Watson, making no effort to disturb the girl, called in Dr. Swain. The medical man looked at the young woman, felt her pulse, decided that the patient was suffering from a slight attack of nervous prostration, prescribed a tonic, and advised "gentle exercise." His tonic had no effect. When Mrs. Watson tried to arouse the girl for the purpose of insisting on the fulfillment of the physician's advice concerning "gentle exercise" Lena was but slowly responsive. She opened her eyes wearily and stared at her friend vacantly. This frightened Mrs. Watson and she sent for Dr.

Swain again. The physician came, regarded the sleeping girl seriously as before, felt her pulse, as is the habit of his tribe, and prescribed a stronger tonic, coupled with "violent exercise."

It was on the advice of Mr. Chris Jensen that Lena was sent to the hospital of the Good Samaritan in Portland. Mr. Lars Jensen was not consulted. Already was suspicion creeping in his direction, and when he called at the home of the Watsons to make inquiry concerning the condition of his friend, he was answered coldly.

Lena Hansen was brought to the hospital of the Good Samaritan on the afternoon of March 25, about 2 o'clock. Lena slept all the way from the Dalles. They put the girl in the bed and the sleep from which she had been partially roused wrapped her once more in oblivion. During forty days she slept continuously, resisting every effort to bring her back to consciousness.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

Historical House Where Mrs. Stowe
Thought Out Her Plan.

The town of Andover, Mass., a few days ago celebrated the 250th anniversary of its foundation. Andover is a town of national reputation. It has, like so many other New England towns, a highly interesting history, many men and women who were numbered among its citizens having borne conspicuous parts in the events that led up to and culminated in the war for American independence. In theological circles its Congregational seminary is very widely known, largely because there was developed that system of biblical interpretation which



WHERE IT WAS PLANNED.
brought upon its Andover adherents the celebrated heresy trials. The Andover professors taught their students that there was, in the matter of the inspiration of the Bible, a distinction to be made and a difference to be noted between those portions which were held to be inspired utterances, and other portions which were held to be mere nonative, to be accepted or disregarded as one might see fit. The extreme other side to the controversy stoutly maintained the proposition that it was not permissible to question the absolute correctness and inspiration of everything written in the Bible.

But aside from theological and ancient historical associations, Andover is interesting to the present generation because in it stands the house where Harriet Beecher Stowe resided while she was thinking out the plan and details of the work of fiction that gave her a place among the few who have visibly and momentarily swayed the destinies of nations. In the plain, old-fashioned house here pictured "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was thought out. It was called the Stowe house, and is now generally known as the "Mansion" house, and during the recent celebration, when the town was crowded for days with visitors, no land mark attracted more attention than did this one.

FREAK MEN OF WICHITA.

Object to Having Pretty Women
Throwing Kisses at Them.

At Wichita, Kan., Mrs. Mary Ashkraft, an attractive widow, and Etta, her daughter, a pretty miss of 18, were arrested a few days ago on a warrant sworn out by T. A. Fawcett, a tailor, charged with the "crime" of throwing kisses at him and calling him pet names and thereby disturbing his peace.

Their case was tried in the police court. The widow said she did not throw a kiss at Mr. Fawcett, but did waft one towards his wife. If, however, it went astray and hit Mr. Fawcett, it did not hurt him much, as there was no malice in the kiss.

Miss Ashkraft pleaded guilty to throwing kisses at Mr. Fawcett. She hated Mr. Fawcett's wife, she said, and did it to make her jealous. It developed that the two families, who are next door neighbors, have been at daggers points over trivial differences. The judge discharged the widow and fined her daughter \$5. He gave Mr. Fawcett a severe rebuke for bringing such a case into his court. Miss Ashkraft begged the judge to remit the fine, promising never to throw kisses again. He relented to the extent of suspending the fine during good behavior.

Christian Science Killed Him.
S. S. Edwards, near Wilkes-Barre, Pa., a well-to-do farmer of Hunlock's Creek, died on Sunday under suspicious circumstances. The coroner was notified and made an investigation. He found that the man died from typhoid fever, and that he refused to call in a doctor to take any medicine. Several witnesses testified before the jury that the dead man was a Christian Scientist and did not believe in doctors or medicine. The jury returned a verdict censuring several members of the deceased's family and also the Christian Scientists of Hunlock's Creek for their negligence in failing to procure medical attendance.

At Oroville, Cal., there is a cherry tree only 18 years old, which is six feet through the trunk.

A THRILLING RIDE ON AN IOWA CYCLONE.



FEW people wish an ultimate acquaintance with a cyclone. Those who have had one mostly wish they had not. Of all the many cyclone experiences I have heard related, I think mine is the most strange.

It was nearly 20 years ago, and happened during one of those "blood circulators," as the cyclone was then sometimes called, in the vicinity of Corydon, Ia. I say "in the vicinity," because it would be impossible to fix the exact spot, owing to my perturbed state of mind, and the fact that the said experience was spread over quite a stretch of country.

I was about 18 years old and had wandered out to that new country with an aeronaut, Wilson by name, who made the country fairs giving exhibitions with a wheezy old balloon that afterwards killed him. I sometimes made the ascensions with him, but on this particular occasion he sent me across country to a point about four miles distant where he thought he could land, after leaving the fair grounds.

I was to be on hand to assist him in caring for the balloon. About half an hour before the ascension I left the

alized the folly of an attempt to dodge. So throwing myself flat, I hugged the ground, digging my toes into the muck and clutching tufts of grass with my hands.

In The Cyclone's Course.

An instant later something took me off the earth with a jerk and raised me high in the air. It seemed to me that I went up fully 500 feet, I went so swiftly. Then when I had reached a point as high as the cyclone wanted me to go I became sensible of a swift motion about a large circle. Then a down, down feeling made me realize that I had been cast outside of the fiercest strength of the vortex, and my weight was carrying me swiftly earthward—to death, thought I.

I had once or twice looked out of the basket of Wilson's balloon at the landscape far below, and shuddered at the certain death that would ensue if the balloon burst, and so wished myself out and standing on good firm earth. But just then I felt that the balloon would have been a godsend for me.

Down I went, swifter and swifter, as further and further to the outside of the whirling wind I gyrated. I noted well what the influence was that prevented me from dropping straight down, and wondered how soon my perpendicular descent would begin.

Saved by a Parachute.

Suddenly there was a pull at my



small fair grounds and proceeded with the wind across the prairie in the direction indicated.

Chasing a Balloon.

After about three-quarters of an hour I looked back and saw the big bulk lazily following me, at a height of several hundred feet. For a time it came straight after me, but when I reached the top of a swell in the prairie, having lost sight of it for a few moments, I saw it had been caught by a counter current of air, and was moving off at an oblique angle to the northeast. Changing my course I pressed on for a while and finally saw the balloon settle down and down, until the anchor, jumping from hillock to hillock on the prairie, caught a tough root or some other obstruction and the big gas bag stopped short.

In about ten minutes I was helping Wilson pack it in shape for transportation, after which I started off to the nearest farm house, seemingly three or four miles distant, for the purpose of engaging a wagon to haul the balloon to town.

As I was about to start Wilson stopped me and handed me the parachute, saying: "Here, Ed, take this along. It looks like rain and I don't want the parachute to get wet if I can help it."

I took the silk contrivance, and proceeded on my way. It was a neat, light affair, with sliding rings, ropes and a kind of attachable belt that could be fastened about the waist and quickly attached or detached from the parachute. As I walked along this belt dangled about annoyingly, and to get it out of my way I fastened it about my waist.

The Storm Approaches.

I had probably made about a mile of my walk toward the farm house, when up from the west a threatening storm cloud came in view. I thought of nothing but a rain storm, and had little terror for me, as Wilson did not want the parachute wet. I broke into a half trot. I had hardly gone fifteen rods before I noted that the black cloud was coming my way with a rush. Sometimes it was only a big bank of ink rolling along the prairie, and then it lifted and a huge tall lashed the grass and muck, switching its monstrous bulk around and back and forth over a whole farm as quickly as one could snap a whip. I had heard of cyclones before, and not being anxious for an interview, I started to run down a hill. One quick glance back, and I fully re-

CLINGING TO THE PARACHUTE, THE AERONAUT WAS WHIRLED THROUGH THE AIR BY THE TERRIBLE TWISTER.

waist. Then a sharp tug, and I felt my downward flight growing less rapid. The parachute had opened. Busy as I was just then I caught sight of the broad folds of silk above me and fervently thanked the giver of all good. "Now," I mused, "it will be easy dropping."

But the storm king had designed further sport with me. I ceased to fall; I rose instead. The orbit of my aerial whirling grew less and my speed around it greater. It was easily understood. The action of the parachute on the air had so counteracted the gravity of my body that I was again easy for the outer motion of the cyclone to handle, and I had again been drawn into its central and stronger embrace.

Up I went to the very top of the vortex, and could look down far below me into the hollow funnel. It was easy sailing up there, but not particularly pleasant. The trouble was mostly going on below. The sides of the funnel were a twirling mass of sticks, grass, branches, small trees, birds, feathers and a conglomeration of things chasing each other round and round.

Round and round I went, and on and on; rising sometimes high into the air till the business end of the aggregation below me barely touched its tip to the earth. Then its circle of devastation was small. Dipping down lower, until the immense tail was bent on an around, but still threshed swiftly around, it covered a large surface at each whirl and wipe.

I could actually catch glimpses of the surrounding country through the darkness around me as we sped on. Ahead was a grove of Lombardy poplars, pointing their spire-like forms straight up, not a leaf fluttering. Just here we came lower down. A thousand sounds of crackling, splitting and ripping were audible. A cloud of leaves, twigs and small birds floated up near me for an instant and then settled back for the race around the inside of the funnel. I glanced back—a quick glance—for it was a speedy cyclone, and away back in the rear I saw a tangle of shrubbery and roots and scattered trunks where the grove had been.

Then we dipped down into a sort of valley, and soon the river shone a bright white line below. Across this I was carried with a roar and a swish. The water came up and drenched me with its thick spray, then up the bank, gathering a mist of sand and off again across the undulating plain.

A Farm House Wrecked.

There was a farm-house just ahead, another off to the left. I could see the farmer and his wife at the first one, running for the cellar, but at that moment we veered to the left and cleared them, but the other house was doomed. There the woman seemed to be alone with two children in the yard. They plunged into the house. There was another succession of cracking and

STRANGLER THE GIRL.

HORRIBLE DEED OF "JACK THE
STRANGLER."Found Dead in a New York Flat Building—Probably the Deed of a New
Kind of Lunatic—Could He Be No Motive.

THE New York police are looking for "Jack the Strangler." They call the man who killed pretty little Mamie Cunningham by that name because of the manner in which he did his deed. The crime was perpetrated the other day in flat where the victim had lived with her widowed mother.

The dead body of the girl was found in her bedroom. Around her were evidences of a frightful struggle. A kitchen knife, with which she had evidently tried to defend herself, was found close to the bruised and mutilated body. Daylight was streaming through the windows, a score of persons were within call, and though the deed was done within a few feet of the airshaft, which in such houses is a veritable whispering gallery, no cry was heard outside the flimsy walls.

The murdered girl was the thirteen-year-old daughter of Mrs. Anna Cunningham, the housekeeper of No. 315 East Thirty-seventh street. Mother and daughter lived alone on the first floor. Life had gone hard with the Cunninghams. The husband and father died from consumption two years ago. It was a Decoration Day. Mrs. Cunningham went out to do some work as a seamstress. She worked hard to educate and clothe her child. The girl was a student at St. Gabriel's school, in East Thirty-sixth street. She was learning music there. The last thing the mother said as she kissed the youngster good-bye was, "Don't forget your music lesson."

The girl was tall for her years and handsome. All the neighbors loved her. It was a household in itself this flat house, for its nine families had lived there since two years ago, when the place was remodeled, and Mrs. Cunningham was made housekeeper. Every tenant knew the child, and all were proud of her.

Mamie was last seen alive by the neighbors in the morning. Some of the children who lived in the block were going over to see a parade in Fifth avenue, and they invited her to go with them.

"I'd like to go," she said, "but I want to do all the work I can, so that mother won't have anything to do when she comes home tired."

The neighbors heard her singing in the hallway. She was scrubbing the main hallway of the house when Francis P. Farrell, a printer, who lives in the house, came down from his rooms. "Hello, Jack," she said. She called every man in the house by that name.

Farrell spoke to her pleasantly and passed on. The last person who saw her alive was Mrs. Larrity, a tenant, who noticed her on her knees scrubbing. She was dressed in a light calico wrapper.

"You're a brave little worker," said Mrs. Larrity, as she patted the child on the back.

"I'm not little any more," said the child, with dignity, as she looked up from her work.

It is believed that after the girl had



MAMIE CUNNINGHAM.

finished her work and started to go into her mother's flat to change her dress she was strangled by the murderer.

Mrs. Cunningham returned from work about fifteen minutes past two o'clock that afternoon. She entered the flat by the kitchen door. She was surprised to find that the bed in her own sleeping room, which she made before she went out, was in a state of disorder. She went into her daughter's little, dark room, and in the dim light saw a form lying on the floor and partly under the bed. She lit the gas and saw the body of her child, with a towel tightly knotted around her neck. She looked at the bruised and discolored face and staring eyes, and fled screaming from the room. Her cry was heard from cellar to skylight. The tenants came hurrying down from every landing. Then came a hasty summons for police and physicians.

Captain Martens, of the East Thirty-third street station, and Detectives Becker, Clarker and Purfield were soon making an examination. They were followed later by Inspector Brooks and Central Office detectives.

Mrs. Cunningham's apartments consisted of four rooms. There was a parlor, fronting on the street, and back of that, in their order, the girl's bedroom, which contained a window, and communicated with the mother's room, where the airshaft was. The kitchen was in the back. The police found no evidence that any one had broken into the flat. The doors were provided with spring locks, all of which were snapped when Mrs. Cunningham re-

turned. Whoever killed Mamie Cunningham had either forced her into the flat from the hall or had entered the rooms when she opened the door in response to a ring.

The body was lying on its back with the head under the bed. The feet were resting on the washstand, about half way up its height. The girl's hands were bent behind her back. A second towel, knotted with a loop in it, which might have been around the girl's wrists or ankles, lay by her side. She had evidently wriggled out of that after she had been bound by her assailant. On the other side was a pillow with several spots of blood upon it. Under it was a kitchen carving knife, which Mrs. Cunningham subsequently identified as her own. The blade had been bent close to the hilt. It is believed that the girl, who was a plucky, sturdy little creature, got this knife from its place in the kitchen table drawer and started to fight her assailant. It is believed that some one fell on it in the struggle and bent it. It had no marks of blood. The girl's clothing was much disarranged.

The towel around the throat was tightly knotted and twisted, as though the victim had been garroted. The face was blackened and bruised. The lips were swollen and purple. A blue line on the neck showed the position of the strangling cord. Upon the neck, near the Adam's apple, was a cut which appeared to have been made by a knife. A close examination gave the impres-



EDWARD MCCORMACK.

sion that it was done by a man's finger nail. There were three reddish scratches on the side of the neck. The body, legs and arms were bruised and abraded. The girl was muscular and had fought for her life.

The beds in both rooms were disarranged and the bed clothing had been half torn off. The girl had been dead at least an hour when the body was discovered. The marks of violence were everywhere. Even the child's bedroom shrine bore the marks of the life and death struggle which had been enacted there. The image of the Virgin was overturned, and the candles on either side were bent and twisted. The child was a faithful Catholic. Perhaps she saw death so near she knelt before that humble shrine, from which she was torn away by impious hands.

Under her bed in the room the police found some pieces of plated silver which were kept there. They had been undisturbed. Articles of value around the flat had not been taken. There was no money to steal.

Before the arrival of the police a shabby-looking man came down from the flat of Mrs. McCormack. He had been seen visiting the flat before, and it was generally known that he was a relative of the dressmaker. His step was shambling, his attire was seedy, and he had a shifty eye, which the neighbors did not like. He alone was calm and collected, while the tenants were excited. "If I had that man here I'd burn him! I'd lynch him!" cried an excited woman.

The seedy stranger looked at her quietly and then in a manner whose officiousness jarred upon those present, began to console the widow. He disappeared about the time the police entered the house, but was subsequently arrested on suspicion. He gave his name as Edward McCormack. He could not, however, be connected with the crime, and the police are still looking for the murderer.

Left Hanging Over the Water.

An amusing incident lately occurred in the Mediterranean, on board one of Her Majesty's ships. The commander is a very particular man about the men's dinner time. Directly eight bells strike, whatever they are doing, the men have to knock off and go below. The commander's wife was on board, and, being rather stout, whenever she went ashore a whip and chair were rigged from the yardarm to get her off and on board. One day she started about two minutes to 13 (eight bells.) The chair was put over the side, the lady hoisted half way up, when the quartermaster struck eight bells. The commander ordered, and the boatswain piped "Belay!" The lady was left one hour in the chair while the men dined.

Lightning in West Virginia.

A few days ago, while a fierce thunder storm was in progress at Parsons, W. Va., lightning struck a chestnut tree, cutting it in two and splintering one-half into atoms. Then tore out the cable end of the private school building of Mr. W. H. Maxwell, nearly knocking the bricks from the chimney, and tearing out the window casing and panes. The bolt divided at the stove in the school-house, one branch following one side of the aisle along the iron feet of the desks, and the second current the opposite side, leaving deep furrows in the floor. It passed out of the door and under a hen with her brood under her wings, killing all the chicks but not injuring the mother.

The late ship of Persia grew avaricious with old age and the fortune she leaves is estimated at \$29,000,000.